THE STATE SENTINEL
--Weekly--

Is published every Thursday Office on Illinois St., Second Block North of Washington.

☞The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, always in advance. In no instance will more than one number be sent till the money is received. Subscribers will receive due notice a few weeks before the expiration of each year or term, and if the payment for a succeeding year or term be not advanced, the paper will be discontinued. This rule will be strictly adhered to *in all cases.*

Five Dollars will be received for three years; or, three copies will be sent one year for the same.

One dollar will be received for six months—*always in advance.*

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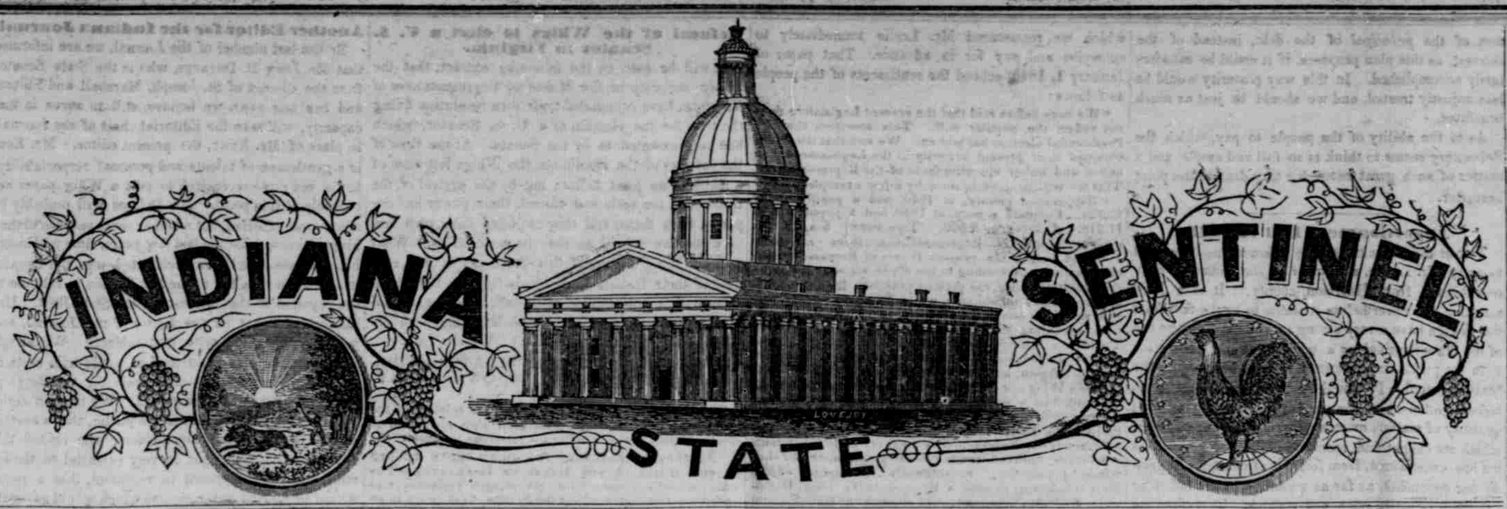

BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN. INDIANAPOLIS, FEBRUARY 6, 1845. Volume IV.....Number 33.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES
and Measures.

A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits.

A strict construction of the Constitution, and no assumption of doubtful powers.

No National Bank to swindle the laboring population.

No connection between the government and banks.

A Diplomacy, asking for nothing but what is clearly right and submitting to nothing wrong.

No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.

No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly or indirectly, by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

A Revenue tariff, discriminating in favor of the poor consumer instead of the rich capitalist.

No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States.

A constitutional barrier against improvident State loans.

The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith.

A gradual return from a paper credit system.

No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks.

No connexion between Church and State.

No proscription for honest opinions.

Fostering aid to public education.

A "progressive" reformation of all abuses.

Peter Chancery, Esq., and his Five Dollars.

Showing the blessings that follow the settlement of the smallest account.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

'Sir, if you please, boss would like you to pay this little bill to-day,' said for the tenth time a half grown boy in a dirty jacket to a lawyer in his office.

The attorney at length turned round and stared the boy full in the face, as if he had been some newly discovered specimen of zoology, gave a long whistle, thrust his inky finger first into one pocket and then into the other of his black cloth vest, and then gave another long whistle, and completed his stare at the boy's face.

'Ho, ha, hum; that bill, eh!' and the legal young gentleman extended the tips of his fingers towards the well-worn bit of paper, and daintily opening it, looked at its contents.

'Hum! for capping and heel-tapping, six shillings—for foxing, ten and six pence, and other sundries, eh? So your master wants me to settle this bill, eh?' repeated the man of the briefs.

'Yes sir, this is the nineteenth time I have come for it, and I intend to knock off at twenty and call it half a day.'

'You're an impudent boy.'

'I's always impudent to lawyers, coz I cant help it—it's catchin.'

'You've got your eye-teeth cut I see.'

'That's what boss sent for, instead o' the' prentices as was getting their teeth cut. I cut mine at nine months old with a hand-saw. Boss says if you don't pay the bill he'll sue you!'

'Sue *me!* I'm a lawyer!'

'It's no matter for that! Lawyer or no lawyer, boss declares he'll do it—so fork over!

'Declares he'll sue me!'

'As true as there's another lawyer in all Fildelfy.

'That would be bad!'

'Wouldn't it!'

'Silence, you vagabond; I suppose I must pay this,' muttered the attorney to himself. 'It's not my plan to pay these small bills! What is a lawyer's profession good for, if he can't get clear paying his own bills? He'll sue me! 'Tis just five dollars! It comes hard, and he don't want the money! What is five dollars to him! His boy could have earned it in the time he has been sending to dun me for it. So your master will sue me for it if I don't pay it?'

'He says he will do it, and charge you a new pair of shoes for me.'

'Harkee. I can't pay to-day; and so if your boss will sue, just be so kind as to ask him to employ me as his attorney.'

'You?'

'Yes; I'll issue the writ, have it served and then you see I shall put the costs in my own pocket instead of seeing them go into another lawyer's. So you see if I have to pay the bill I'll make the costs. Capital idea!

The boy scratched his head awhile as if striving to comprehend this 'capital idea,' and then shook it doubtingly, 'I dont know about this; it looks tricky. I'll ask boss though, if as how you say you won't pay it no how without being sued.'

'I'd rather be sued, if he'll employ me, boy.'

'But who's to pay them costs—the boss?'

The lawyer looked all at once very serious and gave another of those long whistles peculiar to him.

'Well, I am a sensible man, truly! My anxiety to get the suit blinded me to the fact that they were to come out of my own pockets before they could be safely put into the pocket! Ah, well my boy I suppose I must pay. Here is a five dollar gold piece. Is it receipted—it is so dirty and greasy I cant see?'

'It was nice and clean when boss gin it to me, and the writing shined like Knapp's blackin'—it's torn so of a dunin' so much.'

"Well, here's your money,' said the man-of-law, taking a solitary five dollar piece from his watch fob; 'now tell your master, Mr. Last, that if he has any other accounts he wants sued, I'll attend to 'em with the greatest pleasure.'

'Thank'ee, sir,' answered the boy pocketing his five, 'but you is the only reg'lar dunnin' customer boss has, and now you've paid up, he hain't none but cash folks. Good day to you.'

'Now there goes five dollars that will do that fellow, Last, no good. I am in want of it, but he is not. It is five thrown away. It would't have left my pocket but that I was sure that his patience was worn out, and costs would come of it. I like to take costs, but I don't think that a lawyer has any thing to do with paying them.'

As Peter Chancery, Esq. did not beleive in his own mind that paying his debt to Mr. Last was to be of any benefit to him, and was of opinion that it was 'money thrown away.' Let us follow the fate of this five dollars through the day.

'He has paid,' said the boy, placing the money in his master's hand.

'Well, I'm glad of it,' answered Mr. Last, surveying the money through his glasses, and it's a half eagle, too. Now run with it and pay Mr. Furnace the five dollars I borrowed from him yesterday, and said I would return to-morrow. But I'll pay it now.

'Ah, my lad, come just in time,' said Furnace, as the boy delivered his errand and the money. 'I was just wondering where I could get five dollars to pay a bill which is due to-day. 'Here John,' he called to one of his apprentices, 'put on your hat and take this money to Captain O'Brien, and tell him I came within one of disappointing him, when some money came in I didn't expect.

Captain O'Brien was on board of his schooner at the next wharf, and with him was a seaman with his hat in his hand, looking very gloomy as he spoke with him.

'I'm sorry, my man I can't pay you—but I have just raised and scraped the last dollar I can get above water to pay my insurance money to-day, and have not a copper left in my pocket to jingle, but keys and old nails.'

'But I am very much in need, sir; my wife is sick, and my family are in want of a good many things just now, and I got several articles at the store expecting to get money of you to take 'em up as I went along home. We han't in the house no flower, no tea, nor——'

'Well, my lad, I'm sorry. You must come to-morrow. I can't help you unless I sell my coat off my back, or pawn the schooner's kedge. Nobody pays me.'

The sailor, who had come to get an advance of wages, turned away sorrowfully, when the apprentice boy came up and said in his hearing:

'Here, sir, is five dollars Mr. Furnace owes you. He says when he told you he couldn't pay your bill to-day, he didn't expect some money that came in after you left his shop.'

'Ah, that's my fine boy! Here, Jack, take this five dollars and come on Saturday and get the balance of your wages.'

The seaman, with a joyful bound, took the piece, and touching his hat, sprung with a light heart on shore, and hastened to the shore where he had already selected the comforts and necessities his family stood so much in need of.

As he entered, a poor woman was trying to prevail upon the store-keeper to settle a demand for making his shirts.

'You had best take it out of the store, Mrs. Conway,' he said to her, 'really I have not taken half the amount of your bill to-day, and don't expect to. I have to charge every thing, and no money comes in.'

'I can't do without it,' answered the woman earnestly; 'my daughter is very ill, and in want of every comfort; I am out of firewood, and indeed I want many things which I have depended on this money to get. I worked night and day to get your shirts done.'

I'm very sorry, Mrs. Conway,' said the storekeeper, looking into his money drawer; 'I have not five shillings here, and your bill is five dollars and nine pence.'

The poor woman thought of her invalid child and rung her hands.

'A sailor was here a while ago and selected full five dollars worth of articles here on the counter and went away to get his wages to pay for them, but I question if he comes back. If he does and pays for them, you shall have your money, madam.'

At this instant Jack made his appearance in the door.

'Well, shipmate,' he cried, in a tone much more elevated than when he was discovered speaking with the captain; 'well, my hearty, hand over my freight. I've got the document, so give us possession! and displaying his five dollar piece, he laid hold of the purchases.

The store-keeper, examining and seeing that the money was good, bade him take them with him, and then sighing as he took another and last look at the piece, he handed it to the poor widow, who, with a joyful smile, received it from him and hastened from the store.

In a low and very humble tenement, near the water, was a family of poor children, whose appearance exhibited the utmost destitution. On a cot bed near lay a poor woman, ill and emaciated. The door opened and a man in coarse patched garments entered with a wood saw and cross, and laid them down by the door side and approached the bed.

'Are you any better, dear?' he asked in a rough voice, but in the kindest tones.

'No—have you found work? If you could get me a little nourishing food, I could regain my strength.'

The man gazed upon her pale face a moment, and again taking up his saw and cross, went out. He had not gone far before a woman met him and said, she wished him to follow her and saw some wood for her. His heart bounded with hope and gratitude, and he went after her to her dwelling, an abode little better than his own for poverty; yet wearing an air of comfort. He sawed the wood, split and piled it, and received six shillings, with which he hastened to a store for necessaries for his sick wife, and then hurried home to gladden her heart with the delicacies he had provided. Till now he had had no work for four days, and his family had been starving, and from this day his wife got better and was at length restored to her family and to health, from a state of weakness which another day's continuance of would probably have proved fatal.

These six shillings which did so much good, were paid him by the poor woman from the five dollars she had received from the store-keeper, and which the sailor had paid him. The poor woman's daughter also was revived, and ultimately restored to health; and was lately married to a young man who had been three years absent and returned true to his troth. But for the five dollars which had been so instrumental in her her recovery, he might have returned to be told that she whose memory had so long been the polar star of his heart, had perished.

So much good did the five dollar piece do which Peter Chancery, Esq. so reluctantly paid to Mr. Last's apprentice boy, though little credit is due to this legal gentleman for the results that followed. It is thus that Providence often makes bad men instruments of good to others. Let this little story lead those who think a 'small bill' can stand because it is a small bill, remember how much good a five dollar bill has done in one single day—and that in paying one bill they may be paying a *series* of twenty bills, and dispensing good to hundreds around them.

Little Jane's Christmas Box.

The following touching story was written by the late M. C. Field, whose gentle fancies, under the signature of "*Phazma*" have so often delighted the public:—

Incidents filled with the deepest pathos, and occurrences to stir the soul with tenderest emotions, happen around us every day; yet seldom, very seldom, have we a pen commanding leisure enough to yield them a brief record.

We involuntarily removed from our lips a glass of wine that we had raised to quaff, last Christmas day, when oureye, glancing through the window, fell upon an upholster's preparations for a funeral going on in front of a house opposite. Our gentle hostess of the occasion marked the action, and after politely insisting upon the usual courtesy, she made us sit down to hear the following simple and affecting history of poor little Jane and her Christmas box.

The little girl about to be buried upon the merriest holiday in the year, was just approaching the anniversary of her seventh birth-day, when some subtle disorder, that had affected her from infancy, carried her off. She was a child of very sweet and attractive manners, and the neighbors had learned to know and love her. The incurable complaint with which she was consuming, gave a placidity almost ethereal to her disposition, and her smile was a thing so mildly beautiful, that—if we may lend a simile to assist this warm but imperfect description of our informant—it must have been like the leaf of a lily shining in the embrace of a moonbeam.

The parents were poor, but dignified and retiring; and notwithstanding the profound interest little Jane awakened in the neighborhood, the bearing of the father, and the constant seclusion of the mother, clearly forbade any intrusive proffer of assistance. A few weeks since the child ceased its visits to the sidewalk, and was seen to sit no more upon the door step. Poor Jane was upon her death-bed.

At the approach of the holidays, the father and mother, with that old hankering of hope which eagerly clings for safety to a straw, became joyous with a bright change in their suffering daughter. She suddenly grew to laugh and converse with pleasant freedom, and the symptoms of internal pain ceased to cross her sweet face so often as before. Then the cheered mother would sit by the bedside and talk to her girl of the merry holidays that were soon coming, and promising the poor child what she had never known before—a handsome Christmas box.

This promise, as it would seem, took great hold upon poor little dying Jane's fancy, for she still from day to day would question her mother about it, and desire to know what kind of a box it was to be. For an hour or two on the day preceding Christmas, she chatted with remarkable liveliness, telling her father and mother, jocosely, that she meant to keep awake in the night, and watch Santa Claus when he come down the chimney with the box. But as evening came on, she faded into pale and sleepless stupor. The doating mother grew again uneasy, and with every innocent artifice endeavored to keep the child's senses in action. She lifted little Jane upon the pillow, 'hat she might see how the stocking was disposed in the chimney corner, telling her how she had promised to keep awake to see Santa Claus come down; but poor Jane smiled faintly without speaking, a peculiar expression only crossing her countenance, by which the mother always understood a solicitation to be kissed.

There she slept—a sort of sleep from which her mother wished, yet feared to wake her—brightening up again at her father's return home in the evening. Somehow then the child's eye or its changing voice, or some symptom not seen before smote conviction of the coming catastrophe upon the father's heart, and, mute with wretchedness, he sank on his knees by the bedside.

One loud, abrupt, involuntary and thrilling scream burst from the mother at this action, for it told her all that the father had no tongue to utter. She flew to her child, clutching it to her heart and lips, as tho' she would detain the breath heaven was taking away, and a deathly silence followed the woman's scream, broken only by the mountain-like laboring of the father's heart.

In the opposite dwelling Fortune and Pleasure were smiling upon each other, and a gay assemblage of the chosen votaries of each were joyfully greeting as they passed away the merry and laughing hours of Christmas Eve! How strangely opposites will sometimes jar during our progress through this checkered scene! How, still more strangely, does that jarring oft touch upon the chords of gentle sympathy, which vibrate ever with melodious sound!

The poor, bereaved mother's screams reached and startled the company opposite, and our good hostess, commanding her guests of the evening to remain in undisturbed festivity, went to visit the scene of affliction, for her heart too truly told her what alone could be the cause of such a desolate sound.

Little Jane lingered till nearly midnight, fading slowly, like one of those thin vapors sailing in the train of Cynthia, which pass away into ether, mocking admiration as with some beautiful illusion that you think you've seen, but suddenly and strangely miss. The fair child yielded its breath with a smile, while the mother's tears were falling on its face, and the heavy throbs of the father's heart kept mournful accompaniment with the last pulsations of life in the breast of his child.

So came the morning, and poor little Jane's Christmas box was—*a coffin!*

The Last of Mike Fink.

The late Morgan Neville, of Cincinnati, an accomplished gentleman and scholar, was well known as the author of a story giving certain particulars respecting the life and death of the celebrated Mike Fink, "the last of the boatmen." Though a romantic tale, it was generally presumed to be possessed of the merit of authenticity. A late number of the St. Louis Reveille details some events attending the close of Fink's career, which do not agree with Mr. Neville's narrative. The statement of the Reveille is made upon the authority of Charles Keemle, Esq. substantiated by his personal knowledge of the events related. Fink, it appears, in 1822 entered the service of the Mountain Fur Company, under the late Gen. W. H. Ashley, of St. Louis, and went to the fort at the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, where the occurrence narrated by the Reveille took place. The whole story is so interesting that we give it without abridgment.

Mike, with many generous qualities, was always a reckless dare devil, but, at this time advancing in years and decayed in influence, above all become a victim of whiskey; he was morose and desperate in the extreme. There was a government regulation which forbade the free use of alcohol at the trading posts on the Missouri river, and this was a continual source of quarrel between the men and the commandant, Maj. Henry, on the part of Fink, particularly. One of his freaks was to march with his rifle into the fort, and demand a supply of spirit. Argument was fruitless, force not to be thought of, and when on being positively denied, Mike drew up his rifle and sent a ball through the cask, deliberately walked up and filled his can, while the particular "boys" followed his example; all that could be done was to look upon the matter as one of his "queer ways," and that was the end of it.

This state of things continued for some time;—Mike's temper and exactions growing more unbearable every day, until finally a "split" took place, not only between himself and the commandant, but many others in the fort, and the unruly boatman swore he would not live among them. Followed only by a youth, named Carpenter, whom he had brought up, and for whom he felt a rude but strong attachment, he prepared a sort of cave in the river's bank, furnished it with a supply of whiskey, and, with his companion, *turned in* to pass the winter, which was then closing upon them. In this place he buried himself, sometimes unseen for weeks, his *protege* providing what else was necessary beyond the whiskey.

At length attempts were used on the part of those in the fort, to withdraw Carpenter from Fink; foul insinuations were thrown out as to the nature of their connection; the youth was twitted with being a mere slave, etc. all which (Fink heard it all in spite of his retirement) served to breed distrust between the two; and though they did not separate, much of their cordiality ceased.

The winter wore away in this sullen state of torpor; spring came with its reviving influences, and to celebrate the season a supply of alcohol was produced, and a number of his acquaintances from the fort coming to "rouse out" Mike, a desperate frolic of course ensued.

There were river yarns, and boatmen songs and "nigger breakdowns," interspersed with wrestling matches, jumping, laugh and yell, the can circulating freely, until Mike became somewhat mollified.

"I tell you what it is boys," he cried "the Fort's a sunk hole, and I'd rather live with the *bars* than stay in it. Some on ye's bin trying to part me and my boy, that I love like my own cub—but no matter. May be he is poisoned against me, but, Carpenter, (slapping the youth heavily on the shoulder,) I took you by the hand when it had forgotten the touch of a father's or a mother's—you know me to be a man and you ain't going to turn out a dog!"

Whether it was the youth fancied something insulting in the manner of the appeal, or not, we can't say; but it was not responded to very warmly, and a reproach followed from Mike. However, they drank together, and the frolic went on, until Mike, filling his can, walked off some forty yards, placed it upon his head, and called to Carpenter to take his rifle.

The wild feat of shooting cans off each others' heads was a favorite one with Mike—himself and "boy" generally winding up a hard frolic with this savage, but deeply meaning proof of continued confidence; as for risking their eagle eyes and iron nerves defied the might of whiskey. After their recent alienation, a doubly generous impulse without doubt, had induced Fink to propose and subject himself to the test.

Carpenter had been drinking wildly, and with a boisterous laugh snatched up his rifle. All present had seen the parties "shoot," and this desperate aim, instead of alarming, was merely made a matter of wild jest.

"Your grog is spilt, forever, Mike!"

"Kill the old varmint, young 'un!"

"What'll his skin bring in St. Louis?"

Amid a loud laugh, Carpenter raised his piece—even the jesters remarked that he was unsteady—"crack!"—the can fell—a loud shout—but instead of a smile of pleasure, a dark frown settled upon the face of Fink! He made no motion except to clutch his rifle, as though he would have crushed it, gazing at the youth strangely!

Various shades of passion crossed his features—surprise, rage, suspicion—but at length they composed themselves into a sad expression; the ball had grazed the top of his head, cutting the scalp, and the thought of treachery had set his heart on fire.

There was a loud call upon Mike to know what he was waiting for, in which Carpenter joined, pointing to the can upon his head and bidding him fire, if he knew how!

"Carpenter, my son," said the boatman, "I taught you to shoot differently from that last shot! You've *missed* once, but you won't again!"

He fired, and his ball, crashing through the forehead of the youth, laid him a corpse mid his, as suddenly hushed, companions!

Time wore on—many at the fort spoke darkly of the deed. Mike Fink had never been known to miss his aims—he had grown afraid of Carpenter—he had murdered him! While this feeling was gathering against him, the unhappy boatmen lay in his cave, shunning both sympathy and sustenance. He spoke to none—when he did come forth 'twas as a spectre, and only to haunt the grave of his 'boy,' or, if he did break silence, 'twas to burst into a paroxysm of rage against the enemies who had "turned his boy's heart from him."

At the fort was a man by the name of Talbott, the gunsmith of the station: he was very loud and bitter in his denunciations of the "murderer," as he called Fink, which finally reaching the ears of the latter, filled him with the most violent passion, and he swore he would take the life of his defamer. The threat was almost forgotten, when one day, Talbott, who was at work in his shop, saw Fink enter the fort, his first visit since the death of Carpenter. Fink approached—he was care worn, sick and wasted; there was no anger in his bearing, but he carried his rifle, (had he ever gone without it!) and the gunsmith was not a coolly brave man; moreover his life had been threatened.

"Talbott, you've accused me of murdering—my boy—Carpenter that I loved like a son—that I can't live without—I'm not mad with you now; but you must let me show you that I *couldn't* do it—that I'd rather died than done it—that you've wronged me—"

"Fink," cried he, snatching up a pair of pistols from his bench, "don't approach me—if you do, you are a dead man!"

"Talbott," said the boatman, in a sad voice, "you needn't be afraid; you've done me wrong—I'm come to you to talk about Carpenter—my boy!"

He continued to advance, and the gunsmith again called to him.

"Fink, I know you—if you come three steps nearer I'll fire, by ——!"

Mike carried his rifle across his arm, and made no hostile demonstration, except in gradually getting nearer—if hostile his aim was.

By this time he was within a few steps of the door, and Talbott's agitation became extreme. Both pistols were pointed at Fink's breast in expectation of a spring from the latter.

"By the Almighty above us, Fink, I'll fire—I don't wan't to speak to you now—don't put your foot on that step—don't."

Fink did put his foot on the step, and the same moment fell heavily within it, receiving the contents of both barrels in his breast. His last and only words were:

"I did not mean to kill my boy!"

Poor Mike! we are satisfied with our senior's conviction that you did not mean to kill him. Suspicion of treachery doubtless entered his mind, but cowardice and murder never dwelt there.

A few weeks after this event, Talbott himself perished in an attempt to cross the Missouri river in a skiff.

Onderdonk Scandal.—A book publishing firm in New York have given $800 for the copy right of the proceedings, the evidence, speeches, &c., in Bishop Onderdonk's case, and will speedily deluge the country, through all its channels of circulation, with the nice tit bit of scandal. The great poet asked:

"Canst thou administer to a mind diseased?"

These publishers will answer the emphatic yes, and to the "mind diseased" of all classes in the Union they at once will feed this book! And it will be run after, and snapped up, and eagerly devoured, from the priest in his robes to the beggar in his rags. The "nice young man" will pour over it with exquisite gusto, and the sweet young miss, who would blush in scarlet if found with it on her centre table, will hie away eagerly to the bed room and lock the door to be secure in the enjoyment of its rich knowledge. Don't grow indignant, reader, at this estimate of our's of the depraved taste of our good people—indignation won't suppress the truth, or hide the "mind diseased." A great Bishop—learned in books—eloquent in language—commanding in intellectual strength—famous in name—has been detected in many flagrant offences against the morals of God's law and man's law—he has pandered to sinful tastes—he has violated chastity and insulted modesty—

"He was a man
Who stole the livery of the Court of Heaven,
To serve the devil in;
In holy phrase transacted villanies
That common sinners durst not meddle with.
His life was worse. Faith, charity and love,
Humility, forgiveness, holiness,
Were words well lettered in his sabbath creed;
But with his life he wrote as plain, Lust
Inordinate and Lewdness unshamed.
Seest thou the man;
A serpent with an angel's voice!
A grave, with flowers bestrewed."

Is this speaking irreverently of "*holy things?*" We trow not.

But, it is said that this book—this disgusting detail of gross sensuality—this long practised and frequently tolerated libertinism—this effervescence of *spirit*-ualism in the pulpit that was inhaled in the tap room—is put forth—or is to be put forth, by the sanction of his *Church*—the pecuniary consideration for the copy to be derived to that body for its expenses in the trial. Shame—double shame if it be so! We sorrow over the demoralizing tendencies of that cheap trash which comes to us from the pen of "Paul de Kock"—we anathematize the intellectual immoralities of Bulwer's bewitching romance—but with the *sanction of the Church* read and consume the scandalous detail of a ministerial reprobate's sinful offences, and piously moralize upon the sorrowful depth that his feet have sunk in the miry clay of sin. Oh, world!—Oh, man! "Can these things be, and overcome us like a summer' cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Elections in Olden time.—It was the law in Massachusetts, in the year 1643, that "for the yearly choosing of Assistants (now Senators) the freemen shall use *Indian corn* and *beans*. The Indian corn to manifest election, the beans contrary; and if any freeman shall put in more than one Indian corn or bean for the choice or refusal of any public officer, he shall forfeit, for every such offence, ten pounds," &c.

The Old Maid.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
Seems melting in her eye's delicious blue;
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich fair fruit is ripened to the core.
It is her thirtieth birth-day! with a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak:
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.
Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be,
Hope links her to the future—but the link
That binds her to the past—is memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold! emotions new
And fresh as flowers, are with her heart strings knit;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell and clustre there;
Yet life is not to her what it hath been:
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss,
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love—her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oft-times drained its bitter cup.
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here,
Within that spirit realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart strings thrill
Soft sighs, for rapture it hath ne'er enjoyed,
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void;
And thus she wanders on, half sad, half blest,
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That yearning throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

The Motherless.

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her, who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide!
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim!
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name!
'Tis time to say your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove!
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn thy lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng!
Cling, as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.
Begin, sweet birds! the accustom'd strain,
Come, warble loud and clear,
Alas! alas! you're weeping all—
You're sobbing in my ear.
Good night! go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed—
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead!
A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life:
His care protect these shrinking plants,
That dread the storm of strife:
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear, smitten flock! good night!

A Hint to the Ladies.—T. Hood, in his new work, says:—"It is a treat to see Prudery get into an omnibus. Of course she rejects the hand that is held out to her by male civility. It might give her a squeeze. Neither does she take the first vacant place; but looks out for a seat, if possible between an innocent little girl and an old woman. In the mean time the omnibus moves on. Prudery totters, makes a snatch at Civility's nose, or his neck, or any where, and missing her hold, rebounds to the other side of the vehicle, and plumps down in a strange gentleman's lap. True modesty would have escaped all these indecorums."

We clip the following curious paragraph from the Journal of Commerce:

"Uncommonly Base.—Within a few days past a hand-bill has been addressed to a large number of most respectable ladies of a base character."

The editor of the Journal evidently meant to say, that a hand-bill of a base character has been addressed to a large number of most respectable ladies.

Reader! have you fixed upon a profession? If not, never once think of becoming an editor. Beg—take the pack—keep lodgers—take up a school—set up a mangle—take in washing—for humanity's sake, and especially for your own, do any thing rather than become a newspaper editor.—*English paper.*

"I really cannot sing, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to an empty fop. "I am rather inclined to believe, madam, that you are fishing for compliments." "No, sir, I never fish in such shallow streams."

If there be poetry in this world, it is in the depths of an unrequited and imaginative passion—pure, dreaming, sacred from all meaner cares; asking no return, but feeling that life were little to lavish on the beloved one.

Handel used to console his friends, when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they lamented that the house was so empty, by saying, "Nevere moind, de music vil sound de petter."

A student of medicine from Boston while attending the lectures in London, observed that "the King's Evil" had been but little known in the United States since the revolution.

Pleasure lasts forever, but enjoyment does not. The reason is, that the one lies around, and perpetually renews itself; but the other lies within, and exhausts itself.

The humble man requests a favor as though he were unworthy to receive it; but the proud man asks for a favor in the same tone as if he were granting one.

A feather on the wind, a straw on the stream—such are, indeed, the emblems of humanity. We resolve, and our resolutions melt away with a word and a look; we are the toys of an emotion.

The individual who can find no good in any one else has certainly no good in himself. How can we reason but from what we know!

True paternal love has a strong resemblance to the midsummer sun of the north, which shines as well by night as by day.

When you are the "anvil" have patience—but when you are the "hammer" hit hard and well. Remember this.

☞'*Still* so gently o'er me *stealing*,' is happily exemplified in the marriage of Ezra A. Still to Rebecca Steeling, at Richmond, Ohio.

Governor Dorr.

"The Legislature of that miserable litttle State of Rhode Island," says the New York News, "have passed a resolution for the liberation of Dorr, on the condition of his taking an oath of allegiance to the Government and Constitution of the State. But it is so framed as not to restore him to his civil rights, nor reanimate him from that civil death which is the legal effect of his sentence. It thus becomes a mere extension of his prison bounds. Mr. Dorr's friends in the Senate spoke eloquently against this mean and disgraceful form, in which the majority clothed an act which ought to be of more liberal magnanimity. Severely as Mr. Dorr's health has suffered from his confinement, we doubt whether he will accept his liberation under such circumstances. His friends in the Senate voted against it. What he may be prevailed upon to do by the distress of his parents and family, we can not say—and scarcely know what to wish that his decision may be."

This, observes the Ohio Statesman, is the most extraordinary proceeding we ever heard of—fit only for a set of Algerines. What! Swear a man to allegiance to a country, and then deprive him of citizenship! What would his allegiance be worth, to himself or any body else? These men must be mad with tyranny and wickedness. Ask a man to swear allegiance to a government, and then turn him out with the chains of a convict about him! If he is worthy of his *oath*, he is worthy of his freedom, unless they believe that freedom is inconsistent with allegiance to such a government. In that, they may be half right. Those tyrants are shivering in their shoes, and the sooner they bow to public justice, the better.

A Slaveholder's Idea of Slavery.—The following remarks on slavery, are extracted from an article in the Frankfort Commonwealth, one of the most influential journals in Kentucky:

"As to the blessings of slavery, Mr. Calhoun is very silly to argue that question even at home; still more abroad. The universal sentiment at the North, and, we believe, *a majority of the people even in the slaveholding states, regard slavery here as a plague spot and a curse.* In Kentucky, while we believe all her citizens are loyal to the constitution and would resist any interference with the question, nearly all regard the institution as every way injurious to us, and would joyfully adopt any just and practicable scheme of relieving themselves of the evil.

"The number of slaveholders in Kentucky is about one-fourth the number of voters. This is an important fact which the considerate should constantly keep in mind. Mr. Calhoun's principles carried out would make the laboring freemen of this country slaves to slavery. His estimate of national happiness and prosperity, as is clearly shown in his letter to Mr. King, on which we are now remarking, is an estimate of the comforts and enjoyments, not of the great body of free American laborers, but of that small class who live on the sweat of negro labor. God forbid we should excite the smallest prejudice against either negro labor or those who enjoy it. We would made no discrimination between them and others; for we hold ourselves conscientiously bound, under the compromises of the constitution, to regard all and protect all alike.

But we call on those who employ slave labor, for God's sake, not to provoke the masses against themselves—set yourselves, as too many do, in offensive arrogance, above them. A large majority of the freemen of the nation are poor laborers; men, nevertheless, of proud spirits, of true hearts, and, be it remembered of stout arms. They are to be conciliated, not despised; they are to be regarded and protected, not trampled on and made subservient to interests antagonistic to their prosperity and dignity. Mr. Calhoun had better not make statistical tables. Others will turn the tables on him. For the security of slavery we have the guarantees of the constitution. Seeking other supports, we shall lose those we already have."

The two Clays.—Mr. Cassius M. Clay has written a letter to the Boston Atlas, in which, in speaking of Henry Clay, he says:

I knew full well, that the election of James K. Polk would be claimed, by the party, as the verdict of the people in favor of Texas, and by the slave power, in favor of slavery. The voluntary disavowal by Mr. Clay, therefore, of my opinions, as set forth in a letter to Mr. Speed of Ithaca, New York, could not compel me, through mortified pride at the awkward position in which he had placed me before the American people, to desert the glorious standard of human liberty, and national honor, and good faith, which all now plainly see is struck down, temporarily at least, in his person. It is far from my feelings and purpose, now, to reproach Mr. Clay—to whom I am under many obligations, which can never be cancelled, both as a man and a statesman—yet I believe the great Whig party north of the line is prepared now to admit, that in losing the moral power of opposition to Texas, as a slavery question, we lost all.

What Five Dollars will do.—Long John Wentworth, member of Congress from the Chicago District, Illinois, writes home among other things, as follows:

"They have a new way of advertising here. A man wants his tavern praised. Accordingly he gives a letter writer $5, and he writes to some New York, Boston or Philadelphia newspaper that "Col. Polk, President elect, has taken rooms at —— Hotel." Accidentally, all the office hunters go and engage lodgings there! A man has a piano for sale and he gives a letter writer $5 to write that "Mrs. Polk has bought one of Mr. ——'s splendid pianos." So the matter goes even to milliner shops, in each of which hangs a bonnet "engaged to Mrs. Polk." And it takes $5 to get a letter writer to tell of it. Indeed, it takes $5, and no more to reach any of this profession. For this, they will put an eloquent speech in any man's mouth. For this, put him in Col. Polk's Cabinet. For this, give him a foreign mission. For this, put up Col. Polk at his tavern. For this, make Col. Polk buy a hat at a particular store, &c. &c. The magic number is $5. All under is insult, all over superfluity. A prominent politician who has not $5 to spare a few of the letter writers, will not be prominent long."

The foregoing readily explains the manner in which some of those "important rumors" which promise place and honor to individuals are got up. The "mighty V." is at the foundation of it at all.

The house of Rothschild has already negotiated on account of the different governments of Europe the following loans: for

	Dollars.
Prussia,	25,000,000
Elector of Hesse,	1,000,000
Duke of Darmstadt,	500,000
Austria,	15,000,000
Russia,	18,400,000
France (in six loans,)	190,800,000
England,	100,000,000

It is stated that Joseph Clark, Esq. of *Rhode Island* declines running for Governor, on the ground that to be elected would injure his reputation. So it would.